THE MICROSCOPE.

BY TIM TICKLER, Jr. Esq.

NO. 21.] [VOL. I.

[$2 Per Annum.] SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4, 1824. [12 1-2 Cents Single No.

From Li-en-chi-al-tang, a traveller, now in Lexington, to Fum-ho-am, first President of the Ceremonial Assemblise, at Pekin in China.

Thou friend and guardian of my youth, with what emotions of gratitude my heart feels actuated towards thee, for thy more than parental kindness. It is now, while surrounded by men of fancied Science, and imaginary Philosophy, that I experience the advantage of thy profound ethics, guarding me against the assaults of cunning sophistry, and wild dogmas, which deceive the ueguarded and poison the minds of the more illiterate and weak.

The Co-let, conveyed us through a well cultivated country, which displayed the beauty of nature, the happy hand of industry, and the profusion from a Beneficient Creator. We stopped at the Inn accostomed to receive the travellers from the Co-let, where, as is customary in the towns among this people, we were greeted with the vacant stare of an idle croud. I hastened to my room to enjoy a little repose, after a seven hours jostling on the road, amid a continued cloud of dust, which is very annoying to summer travelling.

In the evening I was reading *Jage Buurk, on the rise and fall of the Fatalists*, who disturbed China with their sophistry some twenty thousand years ago, when I was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of two of the natives, who excused themselves by dint of their curiosity as they said, to see and converse with a Chinese. I granted their apology, and being seated, they betrayed their ignorance of Polished manners, by the manner with which they surveyed my every feature; at length one of them, with a smile of seeming diversion, asked me if it was a Chinese book I was reading? having informed him that it was, he desired to see it, at the same time telling me that he was ignorant of the language. After turning over the pages of the book several times, he observed, "You Chinese have a very singular notoin among you, that is, that the world has been created many thousand years longer than the Christian philosophers make it out." I replied, that I was a stranger, as to what time the Christian philosophers had created the world, but that the Chinese Chronology, pointed at the creation, as an event which took place some time before the foundation of China, which itself, has stood, upwards of twenty-five thousand years; and from the uninterrupted series, through which the records have passed, I could see nothing either novel or singular, in believing them strictly true. He replied, and continued to reply to every thing I advanced; but O thou friend & admirer of wisdom and truth, couldst thou only hear the premises from which he deduced his arguments, thou wouldst blush for the shallowness of his intellectual knowledge. Yet O Fum-ho-am, I am told, that this man is one of their great Pondits, (preacher,) whose words, whose language, charms this people; but alas! his ethics poisons their minds, and his philosophy leads them into fatal errors.

This Town is their seat of knowledge, or Temple of science, for the department of this state. Canst thou believe it Fum-ho-am, that in this nation, where so much boast is made about *Equality*, and the rights of man, that an institution, at a vast expense, is supported measurably, by monies drawn from the poor, to educate the rich! Thou wouldst smile to hear them reason on the utility of the institution.—They say, that it must be supported by the public funds, of which the poor man pays more than his just proportion, and yet, is debarred from any of its benefits, (unless it is argued that he is benefited by the host of idlers, annually manufactured and sent forth from this institution.) The maxim when pursued, amounts to this: The poor can do without learning, or if they desire it, they must seek it in private schools; the children of the rich must be educated at the public expense, which is the sweat of the poor man's brow. In China thou knowest that all Casts of the people are educated togerher, at the public expense, none are excluded. There we have no A. M's-L. L. D's-A. B's or M. D's to ride the honest people out of their hard earnings. CHI-AL-TANG.

Translated from the New Orleans Gazette.

A latin Sermon—"Sermones discipuli de tempore."

There was a certain man, who was a lawyer to several villages, a man without mercy, a miser, exercising great exactions on those who were subjected to him; on a certain day, on his way to one of the villages, for a new extortion, the devil under an human figure, met him on the road, he knew him by the horror he felt, and his conversation; he was afraid of his company, but could not part from him in any manner, not by praying or making the sign of the cross; walking together, they met a poor man, who conducted a hog, tied with a rope, and as the hog was winding about here and there, the man irratated, cried "may the devil take you," hearing these words, in the expectation that this opportunity could deliver him of the devil, the lawyer told him, "list my friend, that hog is given to you, take it;" the devil answered, "he has not given it to me in good heart, and on that account I cannot take it." Then appearing in another village, they saw a child crying, and the mother standing at her door, with an agitated voice, saying, "the devil take thee, why dost thou disturb me with thy cry;" then said the lawyer, "you have certainly gained a soul, take the child for he is yours," but the devil answered as before, "she has not given him with a good heart; men are apt to speak so when they are in a passion." As they began to approach the place where they were going, the inhabitants of the village, perceiving the lawyer far off, and not ignorant of the cause of his coming, cried altogether, and unanimously, "the devil take him, may he go to the devil!" hearing this, the devil shook his head, sneering told the lawyer, "here are those who give you to me, from the best of their heart, then you belong to me;" and the devil instantly carried him off, and we are ignorant what he has done with him. NO LOSS.

THE AGE.

Man must learn now, with pity to dispense,
For policy sits above conscience. SHAK.

Dissimulation is the art of corrupted nature; the reason of man, after elevating him above all the animal creation,

Nor on the beasts themselves, the Birds,
And Fishes; is satisfied!——but must eat men.

He has been endowed with the most refined dissimulation, to satisfy his appetite, & multiplyed ambitious propensities; he bends his character to suit every circumstance, here & there he is always ready to yield to what is more conducible to self-interest; he also leads others to dissimulate, like himself, under promise to divide the spoil; as there is honor amongthieves, so long as there is profit, and as their co-interest is generally propped on mutual dissimulation, the miscarriage of villainous schemes often produce a rupture, and then their secrets being divulged, astonishes the world. TIMON.

THE MICROSCOPE.

SOME GENTLE TOUCHES—SOME KEEN REMARKS.

LOUISVILLE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

Persons at a distance sending on for our paper, are informed, that unless the Cash is enclosed, and the postage paid, their letters will not be taken up.

At the solicitation of a great number of our subscribers, we shall put to press, as soon as convenient, the first numbers of our paper, so as to complete the files of such as are deficient. As we shall print no more than the number requried, we request every person to hand in a list of the numbers which they may want.

Some years ago, the inhabitants of a certain Village, (perhaps to frighten the countrymen,) white-washed ther market-house, throughout. The effect produced was surprising indeed; no bad smell was perceived for a long time. Suppose our trustees were to try the same experiment—at least have some of the filthy cobwebs swept down. It might give our country friends an idea of our wish to be cleanly.

————As the time advances, they still urge their favorite ponies, by the strength of animosity, by strypes of misrepresentation—kicking with both feet, armed with the spurs of slander.—away they go—Whip and cut—ge-up and ge-ho——Take care there on the left, that's a war-horse, his riders stimulated by private animosities, would fian run over the heedless by-passengers—they are mostly double faced, and at this time they are running a game of *Hum-Bugs*, deceiving those who shout for them, all the while carrying false colors—They cry "*Tally ho*!" for the war-horse, whilst they clear the turf for another not in view.—Ride gently good people, do not get out of humor; your horse will not run beyond his *wind*—do not run over others, in your high career.

Be it remembered, that on Monday the 30th of August 1824 an arrangement was made by two men of the town of Louisville by and with the advice and consent of a number of others, to go into the state of Indiana, on said day and fight a duel. That they did go, and in the presence of a number of citizens did shoot at each other three times—The civil authority of Indiana being too weak to arrest, or dislodge, them, and the civil authority of Kentucky being supine, inert, insane, drunk, crazy, or in the hands of pusillanimous men whose heads or hearts were so *disordered* that no attempt or effort was made to suppress this public outrage of the laws.

————The Doctor caught him in his arms, all weltering in the gore of mighty battle, blood did you say, sir?——I forgot to mention the word, but I believe there was not many gallons of blood spilt on the occasion——Broth and Gravy——Oh! my good sir had you been there to see, your pen would have streamed down with cold soap-suds——My very knees tremble while I tell you, and my pen looks black at the point while I attempt to describe the "*Deeds of Heroes and their attendant pages.*" Oh historians! you have lost the noble chance of splattering some ink over clean paper——I have got it, I will immortalize my own name, by telling of "*feats, which do excell, the bravest of the brave*" Oh! Cervantes thou recorder of chivalric deeds, hadst thou been present, thou wouldst have had subject matter for another Quixote Bombastio. Can men stand, cooly and look on while the laws are set at defiance? can the officer intrusted with the preservation of the peace of the whole county, stand by, and witness, without interposing his authority, an arrangement to commit an outrage on the peace and dignity of a sister state, will the Governor of that state, suffer the civil authority to be insulted with impunity? If he does, he deserves to be expelled from his office.

It would be well for the officers of the police to take a squint up the river above Beargrass bridge, and see the Sunday amusements of many of our youth—passing that way on last Sabbath, I was disgusted with the scenes exhibited at a Ball and Ten-Alley—Negroes are whipt for not carrying a piece of paper—white men are permitted to game, and riot all day Sunday, in view of the town, full of sworn Esqrs.—Such things do not "tell well" among people laying claim to civilization, polished manners, and a taste for refinement, saith

TIM TICKLER Jr. Esq.

For the Microscope.

Dear Tim—It appears that some of my sympathetic friends, have expressed a pack of fears and troubles, lest I should lose my customers, on account of having written a few anonymous pieces for your valuable paper, on the snbject of "*stuffed paddies*" and such like characters,——It is well known that "*wounded birds will flutter*," and candidly I do believe, that all my good, honest, steady old, *cash down* customers, will be retained, so long as I can sell nails, pots, kettles, &c. as low as my neighbors, independent of what has been, or may be printed in any news-paper whatever;—moreover, I flatter myself, that the above described class of customers will increase, for these reasons—I have entered into Copartnership with an industrious gentleman, Mr. Nathaniel Hardy, and calculate to enlarge our stock immediately, therefore I solicit the patronage of NO other *KIND* of customers than the above alluded to—I am tired of the kind who refuse to pay on demand, the bills of their Doctors, Bakers, Taylors, Barbers, Shoemakers, Butchers, &c. &c.—and expend the money for extravagancies,—& am quite *disgusted* with such as will even suffer suit, rather than return borrowed money, or account for goods sold on commission: I never wish to hear of any person taking one man's rails to repair another's fence; or in other words "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

Now, if the *late* president & directors of the commercial Bank, will in the course of one month from this date, publish, through the medium of the 'Public Advertiser' how much stock was paid into said Bank, and by whom, how much has been refunded, and to whom, and what has been done with the *balance*, I promise to write no pieces for the Microscope, without the signature of "FRIEND TO HONESTY" or,

JAMES McCRUM.

For the Microscope.

Out and gone!—Like Grangers eye.

Strayed from the subscriber, about the night of the 14th of last month, from the porch banister of my friend on Jefferson street, not———yards from the Court house; my best waistcoat, containing a handsome assortment of *change*. It made its escape while I was engaged in a bit of a dance, generally called a *Horse dance*. I am suspicious that it is still in the neighborhood, and fear that it has taken refuge among the family of *Spectators*, as they succeeded, some few months ago, in decoying off an umbrella from the same place. Any person or persons, finding said waistcoat, will do me a favor by retaining it until I can get my hand in the pocket.

"MARY'S PONEY."

LOUISVILLE SHARP SHOOTERS.

A meeting of the members, will take place at the Theatre, on Monday evening next the 6th inst. at early candle light, for the purpose of adopting the Constitution, Uniform &c. and electing the Officers. Persons wishing to become members, are invited to attend.

By order, J. P. WADE, Sec'ry.

For the Microscope.

Dear Tim—I am well convinced that you are a knowing one, and beg leave to ask your advice on a certain subject, that I may impart the same to my friend, (a knight of the shears,) his case appears desparate, but I think you can find some remedy for him: he says that he was promised to be married to a young damsel, who has lately married another man, and since that time, he has spared no pains to seperate them. First he obtained many interviews with her, by giving her a great many garments to make, his visits were always contrived in the absence of her husband; next he made a confident of one of her relations, who was well calculated to facilitate his designs, had not the lad's parents checked him, which in some degree frustrated the knight's plan. He next endeavored to persuade her relations that her husband was lazy, and gambled & would never make a living, declaring at the same time how he pitied her! Suffice it to say, Tim, that this knight suffered his pity to induce him to devise many schemes to gratify himself and ruin the family alluded to, but they all miscarried, and the knight is sadly disappointed. Do, Tim, give him a squint at one of your *Double Reflectors*, that as he has but lately commenced business, a view may benefit him.

GILBERT SQUEEZER.
At the sign of the Button-hole.

For the Microscope.

Dear Tim—Be so good as to inform the gentlemen of a certain house on Main street in B-ig row, doing business under the Gra-ve name of Ste-ady, that they had better employ that time at their business, which they consume in standing at their door, slandering and back-biting every young man they see or that passes; saying, such a young man cannot live with any person more than two months: two others ought to have 39 every day: and a fourth or fifth gets up too late in the morning. We think gentlemen, you had better let the Boys alone; *look* at some of your own friends, and endeavor to be, what you so much attempt to appear. The garb of hypocrisy, will, ere long, wear out, unless replenished by something more than bear appearances,

"GENTLE TOUCHES."

FOR THE MICROSCOPE.

Dear Tim—I am one of the people of Louisville, and beg leave to acknowledge the advantage and utility of your glasses, the strong light reflected by them, on the swamp, and other places of public vice, has scattered the vicious & guilty. Limber-legs, Gamblers, and Vagrants, have fled from before it, and others are made to shake in their shoes, for deeds done, not in the church and some in the weeds. I have a cause of complaint against you, in your zeal, you neglect the upper end of the town, as we are over-run with fugitives, from the swamp, flying before your glasses. Please send two of your optics this way, one for the weeds, and one for the dark, and if you have one forSunday, let us have it also, and you will see all colours mingled together.

In a line, not fifty miles from the sand bank, you can light up a host of old vagrants, male and female, nested together, they have lived on the town five or six years, without any visible means, except the old woman tells fortunes, and the old man scrapes pigs, and takes them to market, without having a sow to raise them, the young man is twenty two or three years old, strong and stout, and is the flower of the flock, but not the stay of it; It would trouble him to say, that he ever did a regular days work in his life; when a stout Cub he used to say, Daddy's creed is "Steal before work." there is plenty to be obtained, on the commons; let owners of hogs, and cows, look out. Sand by itself is dry eating, it can be greas'd with fat pork, or moistened with milk, and there is more ways to use it, the owners may look to that.

The femule part of the family, are said to belong to the limber-jointed tribe, for proof, call on a Mechanic, that leaves the meal, and kneads up the douge.

It is surprsing that the owners of property, will suffer such a notorious set, to foster and live, on the toil and industry of others; to live on the wind, is their diet.

PLAIN TRUTH.

For the Microscope.

Friend Tim—By the help of one of your inestimable glasses, last nigh, as I was coming up Jefferson street, I saw a young man run foul of a *black lady*; he took her into the yard of a small brick house, which stands off from the street, below the court house; after *wallowing* about some time on the porch, she abruptly departed. I then turned my glass towards the youngster, and to my astonishment, recognized an old acquaintance, lately from "————." I resolved to tell his *mammy*. but considering that he was just arrived, and might be hungry, concluded to let him alone for this time, and tell you, that you might notify him of the impropriety of his conduct. Tak care Mr ———, this is not "———."

SUSAN.

FOR THE MICROSCOPE.

VERY LATE FROM BRUNERSTOWN.

Dear Tim—Some time ago, the county court of Jefferson appointed 5 or 6 men to patrole our town and its vicinity, for the purpose, I suppose, of suppressing the improper conduct of our slaves. Only 3 of these fellows would discharge the duty of the appointment, and they have done, so under the mistaken idea, that great dignity was attached to the station; those fellows, Tim, arrested a servant of————and, as he had no paper to exhonerate him from the penalties of the law, and the cruelty of those Blackguards, they divested him of his shirt, and instead of giving him 10 lashes, the extent of their authority, they gave him 20 or 30!! This convinces me at once Tim, that such barbarity is not practised for public utility, but merely to gratify their vindictive dispositions, or the profit attached to the office. If, Mr. Tim, those officers of justice would, when the Negroes collected in companies to the annoyance of the citizens of our town, quell such conduct, then their services would be of public good, seeing such unnecessary severity persisted in, I have been induced, like many others, to treat such executions of the law with indignity; and in order to shew them their standing, I gave my father's servant a paper directed to the "*Hon. Negro drivers* of Jeffersontown, acting in their executive capacity," at this they became

POETRY.

For the Microscope.

A HINT.

The clouds were gone, the stars were bright
As dimonds on the brow of night,
  The zephyr ceased to sigh;
The moon with humid lustre shone,
Like Angel's eye o'er mortals thrown
  That could not view them dry.
The echos of our slow cascade,
Seem'd by untroubled waters made,
  And were like hymns of peace;
All solemn was the Tempel's bell,
That bade the faded day farewell:
  And men their follies cease.
'Twas time for rest—a servant came,
(Of whom, his nation, or his name,
  I could not speak on oath:
He was not black; he was not white:
But seem'd, like darkness mixed with light,
  To be composed of both.)
A billet in his hand he bore,
And said be pleas'd to con it o'er,
  And say for whom it is:
I've been with one; perchance with two,
But each from me indignant flew
  And said it was not his.
I near'd a tavern's twinkling torch,
That much adorn'd its owners porch,—
  This writing seem'd to say:
A monument of broken vows,
(If Heaven the birth of such allows,)
  With me must shortly stray
To thank you for that joint distress,
The world will mock—nor mock the less
  The while it yields us aid:
Alas! my friends will loathe our view,
As Israel done the leprous crew,
  Who were their tents forbade.——
——Altho' this brief unpolish'd line,
  May not survive this day's decline;
    Let such as read reflect,
  That while it finds oblivion's tomb,
  For wearing tints of fancy's loom,
    It is akin to fact.

August 27, 1824.

For the Microscope.

[illegible] the civil authority of Kentucky being suppressed, [illegible] drunk, crazy, or in the hands of pastilan[illegible] men whose heads or hearts were so *disordered* th[illegible] attempt or effort was made to suppress this publi[illegible] rage of the laws.

——The Doctor caught him in his arms, all [illegible]tering in the gore of mighty battle, blood did you [illegible] sir?——I forgot to mention the word, but I believe t[illegible] was not many gallons of blood spilt on the occasion [illegible] Broth and Gravy——Oh! my good sir had you [illegible] there to see, your pen would have streamed down [illegible] cold soap suds——My very knees tremble while I [illegible] you, and my pen looks blacker at the point while I [illegible] tempt to describe the *deeds of Heroes and their at[illegible]* [illegible] page. Oh historians! you have lost the [illegible] chance of splattering some ink over clean paper—[illegible] have got it, I will immortalize my own name, by [illegible] ing of *feats, which do excell, the bravest of the bra[illegible]* Oh! Cervantes thou recorder of chivalric deeds, h[illegible] thou been present, thou wouldst have had subject [illegible] ter far another Quixote Bombastic. Can men st[illegible] easy and look on while the laws are set at defiance [illegible] can the officer intrusted with the preservation of [illegible] peace of the whole county, stand by, and witness, [illegible] civil magistracy, the authority, in an attempt to [illegible]

Should complicated envy frown,
(When we each tenderness make known,)
  And vainly disapprove;
We'll raise above the little arts,
And sweetly interchange our hearts,
  And think of nought but Love.
Then while we live and each esteem,
Be songs of praise, and joy our theme,
  To higher pow'rs above:
We know that all the joys of Heaven,
And all the homage, earth has given,
  Is nothing without Love.
  And when life's weary race is o'er,
To Heaven may each our spirits soar,
  There endless love to prove;
Then with the band of angles join,
Enraptur'd bask in bliss divine,
  Of everlasting Love.

POET.

For the Microscope.

Dear Tim—A *man* of any sensibility of honor or feeling, would never trample upon the rights, or injure the character of an innocent *woman*; who is it that can and does partake of *our joys* and with their tender and affectionate hearts, console us (men) in our afflictions, trials, and difficulties? I answer, the best and most virtuous part of the creation, *woman*. Will not then all men of virtuous feelings, condole with the unfortunate woman who is wedded to a *drunken tyrant*; who basely and unmanly beats the friend of his bosom, without the least cause of provocation on her part; I say, Mr. Tim, none but a *cowardly villain* would be guilty of such an act. These remarks, have been penned in consequence of some *one* or *two* cases of the kind, having taken place a short time since in our *Town*. The *brutes* are known, and their reward will be a new coat of *tar* and *feathers*, to ride a rail, and be ducked seven times in a horse-pond, should they persist in their brutal practices.

A FRIEND TO THE WOMEN;
And of Lynch's law.

[As a substitute for the above penalties, we ordain as follows: that wherever it shall be known, hereafter that the above offence has been committed, two trusty persons shall proceed forthwith and strew chaff or cut straw in front of the door, that the citizens may know of the deed, and point at him the finger of scorn.

TIM TICKLER, Jr. Esqr.]

For the Microscope

Mr. Tickler, Please take notice of a discarded officer, who has came through a great many scrapes in the way of amorous licentiousness, and smell'd powder for it, that we know he has plenty of private accommodation in his own houses, and in the neighbourhood, without attending the market-house on market mornings, to ogle or salute decent women with a significant glare, or to attempt by flattery, and pleasant speeches, to seduce the unsuspecting girls, who attend the market; he grins too horribly through his big black whiskers, to effect much. Nick him as soon as you can, or he will hear more anon.

VIRTUE'S WATCHMAN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS—Rynaldo's strain, is too *sublime*; we are unable to scan it with the best of our glasses, but that our readers may not lose all the feast, we give the following extract *Verbatim et literatim.*

Lyst Ye beRds wile i do sing,
Mi haRtes suffRin at the sulfeR spRing!

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED,
EVERY SATURDAY, BY
T. H. ROBERTS, M. D.
Near the Market-house, Louisville Ky.
At $2 Specie, per annum, payable quarterly in advance. Subscribers who neglect to pay in advance, will be charged by the single No at 12 1-2 cents.

POET.

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